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# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JUNE 9, 1875.

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Published by request.  
**THIS AWFUL, AWFUL, AWFUL!**  
1. Death is a melancholy call.  
A certain judgment for us all.  
Death takes the young as well as old,  
He takes them in his arms so cold—  
'Tis awful, awful, awful!  
2. I saw a youth, the other day,  
Just in his prime, he looked so gay,  
He trifled all his time away,  
And dropped into eternity—  
'Tis awful, awful, awful!  
3. As he lay on his dying bed,  
Eternity he began to dread,  
He says, "O Lord! I see my state,  
But now I fear it is too late!"—  
'Tis awful, awful, awful!  
4. His parents both a standing round,  
With tears a dropping to the ground,  
He says, "O father, pray for me,  
For I'm bound for eternity!"—  
'Tis awful, awful, awful!  
5. His brothers and sisters a standing by,  
A saying, "Dear brother, you're a going  
to die,  
Your days are spent, your pleasure is past,  
And you must go to your grave at last!"—  
'Tis awful, awful, awful!  
6. A few more breaths may be perceived  
Before the young man shall take the leave:  
'Father and mother, fareyouwell,  
I'm dragged by devils down to hell!"—  
'Tis awful, awful, awful!  
7. His corpse was laid beneath the ground,  
With his brothers and sisters a weeping  
round,  
With aching hearts and trembling limbs,  
To think their brother in hell confined—  
'Tis awful, awful, awful!  
8. Think, young friends, on what you hear,  
And try yourselves to be prepared,  
Or like this young man you must go  
Down to the gates of endless woe!—  
'Tis awful, awful, awful!  
9. O what a solemn scene is this!  
To witness such a dreadful case!  
It makes me shudder at the thought,  
He has his own testimony wrought!—  
'Tis awful, awful, awful!

## HIS ENEMY TILL DEATH.

A little time ago I read the plot of Sar-  
dou's "La Haine."  
"La Haine" suggested to my memory a  
curious story of real life which I heard not  
many years since. It was no lurid thea-  
ter story, but a history of passionate real  
life. Would you care to read the strange-  
ly-twisted story, I wonder? I take it for  
granted you would.  
There was a tremendous sensation in the  
Thirty-first National Bank one morning  
at nine o'clock. The sensation was not a  
pleasant one. It was of that sort which  
makes one feel as though he were sudden-  
ly stricken with a chill. The under-clerks  
spoke in whispers, as do those who are in  
the presence of a dead body, and the sec-  
ond assistant moved about with the pale  
face and glittering eyes of one who is la-  
boring under intense excitement. No one  
spoke to him, and the lower clerks glanced  
anxiously at him under their eyebrows.  
The cashier of the bank had been ar-  
rested the night before, for forgery, and  
the second assistant was the one who had  
caused the arrest.  
Unfortunately the cashier was guilty.  
He was a young man of extravagant life,  
son of one of the leading stockholders of  
the bank, who had put him into the bank  
to steady him down and make him learn  
business habits. But the young man was  
a rich man's spoiled son. According to  
the rule of the survival of the fittest there  
was no place in the world for him. Provi-  
dence, however, who does not invariably  
work according to Darwinian rules, for  
reasons best known to himself, left the  
youth alive until he had ruined his father,  
half-broke his mother's heart, and whole-  
ly committed a forgery on the Thirty-first  
National Bank. The youth's father, for  
the sake of the mother, fought desperately  
to get him off, to no purpose. The sec-  
ond assistant, Birney Graham, pursued  
him with an energy which seemed almost  
malignity. The defaulter was convicted  
and sentenced to proper punishment. It  
seemed him right. I don't apologize for  
him. When a thief is caught stealing he  
ought to be punished, unless he is starv-  
ing and steals a loaf of bread.  
The President of the bank had a daugh-  
ter, Alice, aged twenty, blonde, petite, as  
pretty as a baby, and with the will and  
haughty spirit of a Lady Macbeth. That  
to cap the rest. She was as pretty as a  
baby, as I say, but the Lady-Macbeth will  
and spirit in her gave her delicate pink  
and white face a look as unlike a baby's  
as possible. Indeed, so far from resembling  
a baby, Alice Marlay, blonde and petite  
as she was, had much the look of a grace-  
ful, high-bred, high-spirited boy. This  
jaunty, boyish look made her all the more  
beautiful, all the more admired. Oh, yes!  
Just so! When a pretty girl of eighteen  
looks boyish, that's all very fine; when a  
middle-aged woman looks mannish, that's  
something very different.  
But I wander from my strangely-twisted  
story. I do not wish to do that.  
This beautiful, proud, Alice Marlay,  
daughter of the bank President, was be-  
trothed to the defaulter cashier. On the  
morning her betrothal was sent to puni-  
ment a gentleman called to see Alice  
Marlay. He was a tall, slender man,  
young, to be sure, but with a sharp, cold  
face, which wore a faintly-appearing ex-  
pression, as though the man doubted  
whether there was anything good, or  
evil, or kind in his life. It was a pain-

ful look for a young man to wear. He  
was a handsome man, too, only for the  
mocking, cynical look. The man was  
Birney Graham, second assistant at the  
Thirty-first National Bank, the persons  
who had pitilessly pursued the erring  
cashier till he was convicted and sen-  
tenced. As Birney Graham sat there  
now, leaning his cheek against his hand,  
gazing steadily out the window, he seemed  
a man who would have hunted his own  
brother to death, so cold, so merciless he  
looked. Surely this man had had a bit-  
ter experience of no common sort. The  
faintly-smiling expression deepened in  
his face as he heard a light footstep ap-  
proaching. Was the coldness of his face  
the coldness of a stone, of a lava-bed, died  
out upon the surface, but smoldering  
with volcanic fires beneath? There are  
two kinds of cold faces, you know. Bir-  
ney Graham bowed profoundly as Alice  
Marlay entered the room. She did not  
return the bow. She laid one delicate  
hand upon the back of a chair, and stood  
looking at him with a haughty, angry  
face. Each faced the other steadily,  
with glittering eye, and there was that in  
the look of each which said:  
"I stand here your enemy till I die."  
Neither said it in so many words,  
though. The girl at length spoke first,  
and she said this:  
"What have you come here for?"  
"To see you, Miss Alice—what else?"  
"If I had known you were here I  
wouldn't have come in," she said.  
"I think you would, Miss Marlay," he  
answered, calmly.  
She shrugged her shoulders impatient-  
ly but did not reply. What she said was  
true. Birney Graham seemed to have a  
strange, strong power over even people  
who did not like him. The sneer deep-  
ened in his face again, and he bowed  
mockingly.  
"I came here to receive your expres-  
sion of gratitude, Miss Alice, solely. By  
my efforts alone I have been enabled to  
send a dangerous character to a just puni-  
ishment, and at the same time to save  
your father's bank no end of loss. I am  
sure you must be boundlessly grateful to  
me. To hear you say it with your own  
lips—this is why I am here, Miss Alice,  
exactly."  
He was curiously like a flint, cold and  
hard as adamant of itself, but with the  
power of striking fire into the heart of  
other materials. Alice Marlay flushed,  
and then paled again with anger.  
"I did not come much after I came to  
know him, for him you have hunted  
down," she said, in a low, husky voice,  
"although he was an angel compared to  
you. I knew of what he had done be-  
fore you made it public, and I never would  
have married him. He was but a poor,  
weak creature, blown about by every im-  
pulse. The man I marry must be a  
strong man. If you thought to wound  
me deeply there, you have failed, thank  
God! But I hate you, Birney Graham,  
as I never thought I could hate any hu-  
man being. All my world knew I was  
betrothed to that man. This one hates  
me, that one laughs at me, another one  
says it is good enough for me, because I  
thought myself above my betters. My  
name is on the tongue of every gossip and  
in the newspapers. Oh! I could murder  
you!"  
She covered her face and burst into  
tears; not gentle, girlish tears, but pas-  
sionate, burning tears.  
"You could murder me!" questioned  
Birney Graham, coldly. "Do! Death  
at your hands would be sweet."  
Alice looked up again, her tears dry.  
"But for you," she said, "it would have  
been hushed up. What was anything I  
had ever done to you that you should  
have humiliated me like this?"  
"I have done nothing but my duty,"  
replied the cold, sneering voice of Bir-  
ney Graham. "My dear young lady, I  
fear you don't understand law. If I had  
concealed your friend's misdemeanor,  
knowing what he had done, I should have  
been held as guilty as he was. It is what  
the law calls compounding a felony, Miss  
Marlay. It's really strange, but ladies  
never will understand law, I think."  
"I never thought you worth minding  
before," said the girl, in hot, scornful tones.  
"But you have caused my name—my name  
—Alice Marlay—to be on the tongue of  
every gossip in this city. For this, for the  
bitter humiliation you have brought on  
me, henceforth I pursue you as you  
pursued him. You smile your cold, wicked  
smile, do you? You shall see what a weak  
girl can do. Mark my words, Birney Gra-  
ham. From this day forth I shall fight  
you till I die."  
A faint, almost imperceptible flush rose  
into his face at last. "What had you done  
to deserve this, Miss Alice? I will tell  
you. Years ago, long before that little,  
delicate, blonde face of yours began to  
haunt idiotic young men, the founder of  
your race in America, an iron-faced miser,  
took from my ancestor a little home he  
had nearly made his own. That was on-  
ly the beginning. From that day down  
your race has somehow seemed to eat up  
mine. Yes, from that day until the same  
accursed fate brought me across your path  
and caused me to love your fair face, from  
the moment I saw it. That would have  
been nothing, only you smiled so sweetly  
on me that it made me forget that great  
gulf which the world placed between us.

You drew me on, a poor, awkward, hon-  
est fool, until I had not a thought or a  
hope apart from you; then you turned on  
me and laughed at me. In one moment  
you changed for all time the honey of my  
life to the gall of bitterness. Miss Mar-  
lay, what had I done to you to deserve  
this? Was it all nothing, think you? I  
come of Highland blood, and a clansman  
never forgets. If you had not done what  
you did, if you had not humiliated me and  
nearly broken my heart, then I should  
have spared you when my turn came. I  
have not one regret, understand. If it  
were to do over again I would do it over  
again. This is what I came here to tell  
you."  
She raised her arm slowly, as if it had  
been a weapon.  
"Go out of this house!" she said.  
II.  
Somehow Birney Graham never prosper-  
ed. He was not superstitious, heaven  
knows; but sometimes he half-confessed to  
himself that Alice Marlay's hate seemed  
to follow him like an evil eye. Alice Mar-  
lay's father was his friend, but Mr. Mar-  
lay shortly resigned his Presidency of the  
bank and retired from business. A new  
President and new officers were chosen,  
and Birney Graham lost his place. He  
understood how it came about when he  
happened to remember that the new Presi-  
dent was the father of Alice Marlay's  
most intimate friend. What harm could  
Alice Marlay do him? He had asked mock-  
ingly. He found out what many another  
has found out to his sorrow, that a wo-  
man can do a man no end of harm when  
she sets her head to it.  
Birney Graham had no home worth  
speaking of. A childless, peevish, old  
father, who ate opium, depended on him  
for support, while a half-sister, cross and  
vixenish, as only a disappointed woman  
can be, hung like a mill-stone about his  
neck. These two, the peevish father and  
the waspish sister, constituted the guar-  
dian angels of Birney Graham's home.  
Truly, as he had told her once, he had  
not so much peace or joy in his life that  
Alice Marlay should have thought worth  
while to take that little away from him.  
He had few friends. He repelled people  
by his cynical coldness, and as the time  
went on he became more disagreeable  
and unamiable than ever. He said to  
himself he did not care whether he had  
any friends or not. He told himself a  
falsehood. He did care. Nobody can  
say the like and tell the truth.  
He obtained another situation, not so  
good as the one he had lost, but he was  
glad to get even that. Then hard times  
came suddenly, all the world was turned  
upside down and driven out at sea, and  
Birney Graham along with it. The luck-  
less young man could obtain no work to  
keep himself, his peevish old father and  
vixenish sister alive. The childish com-  
plaints of his father and the nagging  
and goadings of his sister drove him near-  
ly frantic. It was not a pleasant situa-  
tion for a gentlemanly young man to be  
placed in. It had been five years since  
he had the talk with Alice Marlay, but it  
seemed to him that her hate pursued him  
yet. Only for her he would have still  
held his place at the Thirty-first  
National Bank, perhaps a better one.  
He felt like cursing her, and himself too,  
whenever he thought of her.  
At last, with the worry and anxiety,  
the complainings, the goadings, and nag-  
gings, Birney Graham felt sick. As if to  
insult his pride and his sufferings, one  
day an Overseer of the Poor whom Bir-  
ney Graham had subdued many a time,  
because he was coarse and talked bad  
grammar, came in and said:  
"Young man, I think you'd better be  
took to the 'hospital.'"  
"I'll be first!" said Birney Graham,  
desperately.  
He sprang upon his feet and walked  
about the room. Presently he informed  
his peevish father and his vixenish sister  
that he believed he wasn't so very sick  
after all. He really thought he would  
take a walk, and maybe something would  
turn up. He staggered teebly down into  
the street. The lamp-posts seemed doing  
a witches' dance. Birney Graham was  
half-delirious with worry and fever. He  
started to walk toward the fields and  
the country, thinking crazily that he would  
at least get out of the city where they  
could not send him to the hospital.  
"I mean to walk and walk until I fall  
down and die," said Birney Graham to  
himself.  
The cool November air struck his  
cheek and entered his lungs and stimu-  
lated him unusually. He wandered on and  
on, toward the open country, over a  
smooth turnpike road which led he knew  
not whither. At length, when the sun  
sank slowly behind the western hills,  
Birney Graham sank, too, unable to go a  
step farther.  
Next morning a rich lady's coachman  
told his mistress that there was a tramp  
out in the stable, sick, and not able to  
move on.  
"The country's full o' them tramps,  
mum," said the coachman.  
The mistress was a slender, petite lady,  
with a delicate beautiful, though sharp,  
haughty face. It wasn't the sort of face  
a beggar or erring sister would have ap-  
pealed to from choice.  
Hand him to the station and put him

on the train to go back to the city where  
he came from," said the lady, sharply.  
"I'll kill him, mum, for to do that to  
him. He's very sick, mum."  
"But what'll we do with him here?"  
asked the lady, still more sharply.  
"He's very clean and decent, mum,  
and there ain't no smell of liquor on him,"  
said the coachman, very humbly.  
"Oh!" said the mistress, earnestly.  
"I shall air the best bed-room, shall I,  
and make a fire in it?"  
The man looked at first as if he was  
uncertain whether his mistress would  
discharge him or give him a whack  
across the shoulders with her riding-  
whip if he spoke his mind, but presently  
he did speak it, nevertheless.  
"If you'll excuse me for saying it, mum,  
he could be brought in here on the kitchen  
floor and a bit of rug put under him.  
You wouldn't want it said that you let a  
human creature die when you could have  
saved his life, would you, mum?"  
The lady colored faintly at this. "Where  
is the fellow?" she asked.  
The man lay on the stable floor. An old  
blanket was rolled and placed under his  
head. Alice Marlay followed the coach-  
man silently, and stood and gazed a mo-  
ment at the seemingly dying tramp. For  
this was the country home of Alice Mar-  
lay's father, and the lady was Alice Mar-  
lay herself, lingering on in the country late  
in autumn. She stood and looked at the  
unconscious tramp, as I said. He was  
very pale, with long black hair, and he  
was frightfully thin and wasted. He was  
"entirely clean and decent," as the man  
had said.  
"Yes, have him carried into the kitchen,  
Brown, and take care of him for the pres-  
ent," said the mistress. "As soon as he is  
strong enough you can send him to the  
hospital."  
The tramp half-opened his eyes and  
murmured wondrously:  
"I mean to walk and walk till I die—  
They can't send me to the hospital when  
I'm dead."  
Something familiar in the look and voice  
of the tramp arrested the attention of Al-  
ice Marlay. She stooped and looked at  
him narrowly, and almost shrieked with  
surprise.  
"Heaven be merciful!" she exclaimed.  
"The first I saw you, Birney Graham,  
you laughed at me to my face when I  
spoke of vengeance, now your life depends  
on my word. I have only to let you die,  
Birney Graham. I told you I would hate  
you and injure you your life long."  
Something in her voice and words seemed  
to rouse and fix his fluttering faculties.  
He opened his black, wandering eyes, and  
fixed them steadily on her face, with a light  
in them which was a half-recognition.  
God knows what could have been passing  
through the man's head in his wild, weak  
delirium. I don't know what he meant,  
and he himself never knew. But with his  
burning, black eyes still fixed on the face  
of Alice Marlay, this is what he said:  
"The hyena will open graves to obtain  
food!"  
The strong-willed mistress of the man-  
sion shuddered. "Get him into the house  
as quickly as you can, Brown," she said  
in a scarcely audible voice.  
A low coach was brought and the man  
was lifted upon it. The mistress super-  
intended the removal.  
"Be careful there!" she said in her sharp  
tones. "Are you lifting a pig?"  
She lifted his head herself.  
The man was carried into the genial  
warmth of the coal-fire, made as comfort-  
able as might be, and a physician sum-  
moned immediately. Then the sharp-  
tongued mistress of the great house dis-  
appeared. She went to her own room and  
locked herself in. What she thought  
about during an hour there no mortal  
knows, but when she reappeared she was  
very pale, and her delicate, proud face  
looked like the face of one who has been  
fighting the fight with himself and—lost  
the battle.  
"Housekeeper," said Miss Marlay,  
"have the best bed-room prepared, if you  
please."  
"The best bed-room," echoed the house-  
keeper, doubting if she had heard aright.  
"That was what I said," answered Miss  
Marlay.  
Birney Graham lay in the best bed-  
room for weeks, "hovering between life  
and death," as the people who write no-  
vels say. One day he suddenly came to  
himself and turned his head weakly on  
the pillow, toward Brown, who sat beside  
him, and said:  
"Is this the hospital?"  
"Does it look like an 'hospital'?" queried  
Brown, indignantly.  
Birney Graham thought about it two  
or three minutes before making up his  
mind. "No, it doesn't," said he finally.  
"Where's house is it?"  
Brown told him, also that he had been  
found sick and was taken in and tended  
like a president, by orders of Miss Mar-  
lay.  
"What name did you say?" said Birney  
Graham, feebly.  
"Marlay, Miss Alice Marlay," said  
Brown, speaking as though he thought  
the patient had lost the sense of hearing.  
"Wasn't Miss Alice Marlay married  
long ago?" asked Birney Graham, still  
more feebly.  
"No, she wasn't and ain't," replied  
Brown.

Birney Graham turned his face to the  
wall again in silence. Brown went out  
and announced to the mistress that her  
patient had come to his senses. Miss  
Marlay returned with Brown, a changed,  
softened look on her face. She had  
watched Birney Graham day after day,  
held his thin hand in hers and bathed his  
hot brow, and all these days and weeks  
a conflict had been going on in her soul.  
Hate cannot last forever; though love  
can.  
A strange, new, intense feeling was  
growing in the heart of Alice Marlay. It  
was not hate. Was it love? Birney  
Graham seemed to be asleep when Alice  
Marlay stepped noiselessly to his bedside.  
He seemed not to see her or to hear her.  
But he was not asleep. He was trying  
to gather strength to open his eyes and  
come face to face with Alice. After that,  
when she came in, simply a nod of recog-  
nition passed, nothing more. He was  
too weak to thank her or to quarrel with  
her. A week later he was able to be  
dressed and lie on a sofa. Then he sent  
for Miss Marlay. He thought now he had  
strength to look into her face, and while  
he looked thank her for all her kind-  
ness to him. She came in softly, a little  
pale and trembling a little. This man,  
Birney Graham, lying there helpless as  
a babe, so weak even then that Brown  
could easily have frightened him to death,  
had nevertheless come to have a strange,  
sweet power over her. She sat down  
upon a little rocking-chair beside his  
sofa. He looked at her steadily with his  
intense black eyes.  
"I had thought," he began. Then he  
stopped. This beautiful face, pale with  
emotion, this was the face of his old, lost  
love, his first and only love, whom he had  
worshiped—ah! God knows how wildly!  
He turned away from her and buried his  
face in the cushions, and broke into pas-  
sionate sobs. He was so weak, so very  
weak, yet.  
The heart of Alice Marlay gave a migh-  
ty throb, till it ached in her bosom, then  
it lay deathly still. She hesitated a mo-  
ment, a little short moment, then she took  
Birney's thin face between her hands and  
turned it back toward her again and kissed  
him on the mouth.  
"Birney, dear Birney!" she whispered,  
in a voice ineffably sweet and tender.  
He laid one wasted arm about her, and  
they both wept together a little. It is very  
sweet to mingle happy tears.  
Just because these two were so strong,  
and proud, and unforgetful—for that very  
reason they will love each other with a  
mighty love, which shall endure when  
common loves are all forgotten, love which  
shall hold together till death parts them,  
and after that day comes that no other  
mortal can ever fill the place left vacant  
by either.  
"The man I marry must be a strong  
man," Alice Marlay had said. The man  
she married had hardly strength to step  
from the sidewalk to the carriage on his  
wedding day. But he was a strong man,  
for all that, and his name was Birney  
Graham.  
Alice Marlay's father was a practical  
old gentleman with no nonsense about  
him, and best of all, no snobbery about  
him either. He cared precious little for  
Highland blood and that rubbish, and  
thought the world was wide enough for  
everybody, and one person was as good  
as another so long as he behaved himself.  
When his daughter's choice was announced  
to him, he received the news in a fash-  
ion peculiar to himself.  
"Why couldn't she have taken him five  
years ago?" said he. "I'm not always  
asleep when my eyes are shut, and I  
thought then she could not do better—  
Birney Graham is one of the few I've  
known in my time who had a head on 'em."  
If she had married him five years ago  
she'd have saved a sight of nonsense and  
I'd have had a son to help me all this  
time."  
So you will understand the "hidden  
meaning" of the remark Father Marlay  
made when his approval was asked for  
the match.  
"Yes, yes! It's the strangest thing in  
nature that people can't learn any sense."

**A Bolt on the Nose.**  
It is a little thing, but it is a source of  
untold misery to the unlucky proprietor.  
We suppose you have had one? Al-  
most everybody has.  
You feel it coming long before it really  
puts in a decided appearance. Your nose  
feels tight and straight, and it aches in  
little, needle-like pains, and you are pain-  
fully conscious of the fact that you are  
the possessor of a nose.  
Whenever, for any cause, you begin to  
be more conscious of owning one organ  
of the body than another, then be assured  
there is disease there. A person in per-  
fect health knows no ears, no eyes, no  
limbs, no feet—they are all concentrated  
in one comfortable feeling that he is sound  
in every part.  
As your nose grows worse you begin to  
consult a hand-mirror, and set it up  
against the window for a better light.  
Your nose is like a painting—it requires  
a full head of light; and indeed it looks as  
if it had not only been painted, but var-  
nished.  
Hourly it loses its fair proportions, and  
assumes no particular shape. It twists  
first to one side, and then to the other;  
and it bulges out like a broken umbrella,  
and the space under your eye is puffed  
and haggard, and the eye itself shows signs  
of going under.  
Your wife wants to go to a ball or an  
opera about that time, but you are too  
much disfigured to venture, and she is  
sulky in consequence, and spitefully says  
she wishes she had married a man who  
wasn't everlastingly having boils. And  
she adds that she might as well have  
been Mrs. Job, and done with it.  
Your small children eye you curiously  
and tell you confidentially that your  
nose looks just like old Blazo's when he's  
tight; and they embrace the first oppor-  
tunity of asking their mother "if she  
thinks father drinks."  
Everybody you meet asks you if you  
have been fighting. People in the street-  
cars stare at you and whisper about  
small-pox, and move farther off.  
School girls giggle when they meet you,  
and from small boys you get saluted in  
this wise:  
"Say, nose! where are you going with  
that man?"  
How earnestly you watch the rising  
and swelling of your tormentor! No cul-  
tured of roses ever watched the unfolding  
of some new and rare variety of rosebud  
with any more solicitude.  
How long it is coming to a head!  
Everybody laughs at your uneasiness  
and tells you to be patient.  
How slow the time is in passing! Will  
it ever be next week? Why doesn't the  
abomination break? Will it leave a scar?  
What did make it come? Will there be  
more of them?  
Why didn't you appreciate your felicity  
when you hadn't any boil?  
At last, after you have completely given  
out and have become resigned to a per-  
petual boil on your nose, the swelling  
suddenly collapses, the "core" comes out,  
and—  
"Richard is himself again!"  
**Freaks of a Georgia Cyclone.**  
[Atlanta Herald.]  
Colonel Parker Brown, a well-known  
citizen of Henry county, came to town and  
related further incidents of the great cy-  
clone of last Saturday. He states that  
Colonel Matthew Johanson, an old citizen  
of Henry, tells him that when he first  
noticed or heard the rumbling noise, he  
saw a body apparently about the size of a  
fodder stack and pretty much the same  
shape, or more like a funnel, which came  
twisting and turning like the spinning of  
a top, and littering wrung great trees off at  
a uniform length from the ground, like a  
lawn mower. He noticed all through the  
air smaller bodies the same shape, which  
appeared to be drawn to the larger one,  
and as they would come in contact with the  
larger or parent funnel, the noise produced  
resembled the sharp crack produced by  
slapping a board on a body of water.  
Thus, as these smaller "satellites" were  
gathered to the large one, it grew larger  
as it advanced. Mr. Dick Hightower,  
who lost one eye in the war, was severely  
hurt, a piece of scalding striking him on  
the other eye, which, it is feared, will de-  
stroy the sight. Mr. Hightower was  
lifted up and thrown forty yards against  
a barn. The chimney to his two-story  
house was lifted up and pitched top fore-  
most into the well, completely filling it  
up. The houses on his place were lifted  
from the sills and turned completely  
around. It was noticeable that all the  
houses were carried off down to the first  
door, as smoothly as if a knife had been  
passed through it. Sixteen families living  
eight miles above McDonough, were left  
without shelter. A meeting of citizens  
at McDonough yesterday, authorized the  
Judge to draw \$1,000 from the county  
treasury and apply it to the needy, and a  
committee was appointed to look after  
them. A piece of plank three inches thick  
was blown half a mile, striking a fence  
rail going through as nicely as if it had  
been done with a mallet and chisel.  
Other most remarkable incidents are re-  
lated, which time prevents noticing.  
"Please don't," said Augustine Bro-  
han to a person who touched her foot  
under the table, "My heart is old and my  
feet are new."

**Desperate Struggle With a Bear.**  
We have heard many stories of desper-  
ate encounters with the bear, but do not  
remember hearing of one more desperate  
than that told of John Minter, which took  
place about the beginning of the present  
century in Delaware County, Ohio.  
Minter was a man fond of hunting, a  
crack shot, and bold as a lion. He would  
rather meet a bear than deer any time,  
and would not change his course to avoid  
any beast that infested the woods. One  
day after a fruitless hunt of several  
hours he came suddenly upon a monster  
black bear and instantly drew up his  
heavy rifle and fired. Brim fell as if  
dead, but Minter had caution and ex-  
perience enough not to approach a wound-  
ed animal until his weapon had been re-  
loaded. After ramming another ball  
home he advanced to his game, and game  
it was indeed; the skull had been but  
slightly fractured between the ears, which  
had only stunned the animal, and as  
Minter touched him with the toe of his  
boot the bear reared into position to give  
him a hug. Minter drew back suddenly  
and placed the muzzle of his gun close to  
his adversary's head, fired again, this time  
making only a flesh wound in the neck,  
which enraged the animal to his wildest  
fury. The hunter clubbed his gun and  
laid it over the bear with all his power,  
but this was soon hurled from his grasp;  
his hatchet came next, and this was forced  
from his hands and the bear was upon  
him. As a last weapon he drew his broad  
bunting-knife from his belt and undertook  
to stab his terrible foe, but this was forced  
from him by the bear's powerful paw, as  
had been the implements of warfare before;  
he was left with nothing but his hands to  
contend with this enraged monster.  
Brain clasped him in his vise-like em-  
brace, both rolled to the ground, and  
a fearful struggle then ensued between  
the combatants; one ruled by unvarying  
instincts and the other guided by the dic-  
tates of reason. The former depended  
wholly upon hugging his adversary to  
death, while the latter aimed at present-  
ing his body in such positions as would  
best enable him to withstand the vise-like  
squeeze till he could loosen the grasp.  
Minter was about six feet in height, pos-  
sessing large bones and well-developed  
muscles, and being properly proportioned  
was very athletic. The woods were open  
and clear of underbrush, and in their  
struggles they rolled in every direction.  
Several times Minter thought the severity  
of the hug would finish him; but by chok-  
ing the bear he would compel him to re-  
lease his hold to knock off his hands,  
when he would recover his breath and  
gain a better position. After maintaining  
the contest in this way several hours they,  
happily for him, rolled back nearly where  
the knife lay, which inspired him with  
buoyant hope, but he had to make many  
ineffectual efforts before he could tumble  
the bear within reach of it. Having fi-  
nally recovered it, he stabbed the bear at  
every chance till he finally bled to death,  
only relaxing his hold when life became  
extinct. The hunter attempted to get up,  
but was too much exhausted, and, crawl-  
ing to a log, against which he leaned, his  
heart-sickened as he contemplated the  
scene. Not a rag was left on him, and  
over his back, arms and legs his flesh  
was lacerated to the bones by the claws  
of the bear. By crawling and walking  
he reached home some time in the night,  
with no other covering than a gore of  
blood from head to foot. His friends, who  
went out next morning to survey the  
ground and bring in the trophy, said the  
surface was torn up by them over a space  
of at least half an acre.  
Jack Minter recovered, but he carried  
with him the electric and welts, some  
of which were more than a quarter of an  
inch thick, till the day of his death—  
[House and Garden.]  
A pallid and excited individual dashed  
into a saloon the other morning, and in  
an agitated voice gasped the following:  
"A glass of liquor quick! A man has  
fallen outside and cut his head shock-  
ingly!" The bar-tender promptly turned out  
the liquor into a tumbler, which the  
stranger clutched nervously and emptied  
at once. Then he drew his hand across  
his eyes, sighed heavily, looked into the  
face of the amazed dealer, and apologeti-  
cally said: "The sight of blood allers  
did make me sick?" And then he walked  
away, leaving the bar-tender staring at  
the door.  
A Western editor appeals to his delin-  
quent subscribers by saying: "This week  
we have taken potatoes and pickles on  
subscription. Now, if you will bring in  
some vinegar for the pickles and wood to  
roast the potatoes, we can live till arti-  
chokes get big enough to dig."  
A corn whisk will take anything off  
your coat, and corn whisky will take off  
the coat of your stomach.  
The fellow who asked for a look of his  
girl's hair was informed that it costs money,  
hair does.  
Of what possible use is a man who makes  
it his business to be extremely disagree-  
able.  
The only difference between a man and  
a woman's hat is—the price.  
Benton, Maine, has a School Board en-  
tirely composed of women.



# THE HERALD.

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WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1875.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor,  
**JAMES B. McCREARY,**  
of Madison county.  
For Lieutenant-Governor,  
**JOHN C. UNDERWOOD,**  
of Warren county.  
For Attorney-General,  
**THOMAS E. WOODS,**  
of McCracken county.  
For Auditor,  
**D. HOWARD SMITH,**  
of Owen county.  
For Treasurer,  
**JAMES W. TATE,**  
of Franklin county.  
For Superintendent of Public Instruction,  
**H. A. M. HENDERSON,**  
of Bourbon county.  
For Register of Land Office,  
**THOMAS D. MARCUM,**  
of Lawrence county.

The presence of ladies at the speaking Monday robbed HARLAN of half his speech, by squelching his vulgar anecdotes.

When Gen. HARLAN took to the law and politics it was the ruin of a first-class "end man" for a negro minstrel show.

One of the mysteries of matrimony is concealed in this: Let a man, whose wife dines in his ears from morning till night the aggravating assurance that he "ain't worth shucks," get killed on a railroad, and see how quick she'll sue the company for \$50,000 damages.

A LEITCHFIELD couple came over to Hartford the other day to see the city sights. Passing by a fruit-store on Market street, a bunch of bananas attracted their notice. "Well," exclaimed he, "these Hartford people do beat bob-tail. Jest look, Sal, at them pickles nailed to a stick!"

There's all the difference in the world between Hartford and Calhoun wives. A Hartford man bought his wife a new dress, and when he presented it to her she put her arms around his neck and called him a "treasure." A Calhoun man bought his wife a nice dress, but she did not waste any sweetness until she had opened it, when she turned on him sharply and said he had just about as much taste as a tobacco worm.

If there is any Democrat in the State who entertains fears for McCREARY in the stump contest with HARLAN, let him dismiss them. Last Monday, at this place, our gallant little standard-bearer proved himself more than a match for the SPOTTED TAIL of the Kentucky Sioux. The latter will not bring home a solitary scalp this hunt. Sorrow and disappointment will hang the black totom at the door of his wigwam at the homing of the harvest moon in August.

The "Big Judge" of the Rockport police court evidently knows how to make a distinction with a difference. Recently a witness in his court, who was being unmercifully badgered by a lawyer, turned to the court and inquired:

"Judge, is a sayin' of mill-dam a cussin'?"

"Certainly not," responded his honor.

The witness whirled upon the tormenting lawyer, exclaiming: "Mill-dam my soul if I don't knock your mill-dam head!"

"Here! Stop! Fined ten dollars!" shouted the court.

"What fur, Judge?" demanded the astonished witness.

"For contempt—profane-swearing in the presence of the court."

"But, Judge, I axed you fur 'a cussin' of a sayin' of mill-dam was cussin' or not, an' you sed p'intedly which it was not," protested the unfortunate finnee.

"The court sticks to that decision—Mill-dam per se, the creation of man's inventive genius, the harness he has thrown upon the wild and impetuous hydrogenated-oxygen and hitched it to the car of his industry and making it the servant of his will, this monument to man's ingenuity, over which the water flows a Niagara in miniature, to speak of it as it stands a stony barrier to the impetuosity of the flood, this court decides that it is not profane swearing. But for any one, no matter whether he be high or low, rich or poor, witness or barrister, who takes upon his lips words in the precincts of this court the honored cognomen of this adjunct of industrial civilization, meaning in his heart another and orthographically different damn, the damn that grinds the grist of perdition, it is, for all the practical purposes of this court, profane-swearing of the deepest and darkest dye. The original judgment of this court is sustained. Fined ten dollars."

The Press Convention was finally attended this year.

## THE GUBERNATORIAL CANVASS.

Meeting of the Rival Aspirants at Our Courthouse Last Monday.

The first meeting of the contestants for the gubernatorial office occurred at our courthouse last Monday. Notwithstanding the fact that the rains of the previous day and night had presented our farming community with an opportunity to set out tobacco plants that was not to be neglected, a considerable crowd—containing a fair sprinkling of ladies—was assembled to hear the discussion.

The oratorical tourney was opened by Colonel McCreary, at one o'clock, who spoke for two hours. We did not hear the first few minutes of his speech. When we entered the house he was alluding to

THE WAR AND THE LOST CAUSE.

He said: When the war ended and the Confederate armies surrendered, I laid aside the bitter feelings and prejudices of the past and looked to the future. I and my comrades-in-arms fled away in our hearts the memories of the contest, and bowed in faithful allegiance to the United States government, and were willing, and have been willing from that day to this, to stand by and defend the country, its honor and prosperity; and the men who rallied around the Stars and Bars during the late war will rally now, as quick as any in the State, to defend the Stars and Stripes of the Union. He referred to chaste and beautiful language to the growth and prosperity of the country, and called upon all men of every political faith and creed to stand by it and contribute to its future success and greatness, to pay off its indebtedness, and rid ourselves of hard times and bring back to the country and the people the glorious condition of the good old days of yore.

KENTUCKY'S DUTY.

He was astonished that the Republicans would hold on to certain of their political ideas. In the contest now coming on we have a theory of free government presented on the outside, and class legislation, unequal taxation, centralization, corruption, force bills, supremacy of the military over the civil power, anarchy, and despotism, on the other. Kentucky, being the first to speak in this great contest, ought to give out no uncertain sound, but come up solidly for right and justice and free government, so as to wield a good and wholesome influence in the Presidential canvass of 1876.

THE THIRD TERM.

He referred to Grant's letter regarding the third term, and characterized it as a very indefinite style of document; a paper that would be construed by Grant himself as meaning that such a state or condition of affairs would exist as to necessitate his nomination for a third term. He predicted that Grant would be the next Republican candidate for the Presidency, and thought that General Harlan was making his present race with a view to the second place on the ticket with Grant. The General has been confined in a dry political pasture for some time, and wants to get into the green meadows and clover fields of the Government. Washington's letter in regard to the third term was easily understood, and had the right ring; but Grant prevaricated.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

He said he desired bygones to be bygones, and was heartily in favor of conservatism and reconciliation, and did not believe the country can be saved without these. He touchingly referred to the recent joint-declaration of Federal and Confederate graves at Memphis and elsewhere, and hailed these acts as omens of a better day coming, when prejudices and sectional hatreds would die out, and universal good feeling prevail throughout the land; when the manufacture of New England, the orange grower of Florida, the cane producer of Louisiana, the cotton planter, the tobacco raiser, and farmer and miner and mechanic would all enjoy equal rights and privileges; and when class and sectional legislation would be abolished, and all the people look to the Constitution strictly construed as the safeguard to their liberties. I am (cheerily) tired of war and bloodshed, and want to see the mineral, agricultural, religious, scholastic and scientific interests of the country developed and fostered, instead of its military genius. I am far laying down all of our animosities, and I elected I will carry out measures calculated to bring about this desirable result as far as in my power lies.

IMMIGRATION.

He took strong ground in favor of immigration, recounted our vast resources in glowing terms, and said, as a legislator of Kentucky, he had voted for all laws looking to this end. He was opposed to keeping out foreign immigrants, for we could all trace our lineage back to foreign blood. He referred to the geological survey now in progress, which would, through the efficiency of Prof. Shaler, soon show up the vast resources of our State, which will draw immigration to us. He was proud of the fact that he had been

sisted in the passage of the geological bill. He charged that the Republicans by their cry of "outrages" and "kuklux," and their resolutions in their conventions that there was no security to life, limb and property here had kept thousands of immigrants from our State. He affirmed that Kentucky was as free from outrages and disorder as any State in the Union, and said the Republicans were not resolving about the outrages of Pennsylvania, Illinois, and other States under Republican rule where disorders prevail. He argued that if immigration were secured Kentucky had a brilliant future before her; that she would at no distant period become one of the great manufacturing States of the land. If the Republicans would only cease their howling about outrages and kuklux, foreign immigration would soon pour in upon us, and our vacant lands speedily become transformed to splendid farms and beautiful and happy homes. He referred to the successful exertions of Governor Leslie in suppressing lawlessness, and said his patriotic conduct had not been surpassed, if equaled, by any State Executive. If I am elected, he said, I will use every legal power at my command to preserve law and order and peace, and throw the fullest protection about the lives and property of citizens.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

He said he was willing to trust the people. He had favored the bill for a constitutional convention, but reserved to himself the right of an individual, if he should see proper by that time—and should discover any danger ahead—to vote against the calling of the convention, or the constitution it might adopt. The constitution needed some changes, and he knew of no better time to make them than while the State was under Democratic control, for while he was in the lifeblood in its veins. For ten long years have the Radicals had control of the General Government and the Congress, all the while professing themselves in favor of amnesty, and yet they passed no general amnesty bill. Many noble and pure spirits of the Middle and Southern States have passed away from earth "under the ban," and but the other day Kentucky's noble and gifted Breckinridge was gathered to his fathers with the stigma of "traitor" resting upon his honored name.

THE COMMON SCHOOL QUESTION.

He said this question demanded our serious consideration. I have been always, he said, the supporter and earnest friend of free education. The history of the world's progress is the history of education. Washington spoke prophetically in regard to education. The country's grandeur depends on the laborer, the mechanic, the farmer, etc., more than on the silver-tongued orator or the professional man. And these men, all who achieve eminence in their avocations, are the results, the proud trophies of our common school system of education. The Radicals of Kentucky wanted to change our present system so as to embrace the negro, and their leaders in the Legislature attempted to make the desired change—to turn our common schools into mixed schools (for such would have been the practical result and working had they succeeded in obtaining their measure). They proposed to divide the school fund with the negroes, who are generally a non-property-holding, non-producing class, and thus throw upon the white citizens of the State the burthen and expense of educating the colored children. I am opposed to this whole scheme, he exclaimed. I am opposed to admitting colored children to our schools. I am opposed to dividing the school fund with the colored people. I so voted in the Legislature, and will ever oppose it. I am emphatically for applying the common school funds to the uses and for the purposes to which they are now dedicated by the law. I want it distinctly understood, whilst I occupy this position, that neither I nor the Democratic party are opposed to the education of the children of the colored people. On the contrary, it was a Democratic Legislature which passed an act devoting the taxes collected from the colored citizens of the State to the education of their children; while the white citizens, in addition to the cost of keeping up our common schools, are compelled to pay all the expenses of the State government, which protects the colored people in person and property as well as the whites.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

He took strong grounds against the civil rights bill, and denounced it as a measure fraught with evil and unwholesome with good. He called upon General Harlan to define his position on this question. He wanted to know if his competitor favored, opposed, or dodged the measure—did he stand with the Administration, favoring it? or with the Democracy, opposing it? or was he for a third party which shall ignore this vital question altogether? "Equality before the law" is the slogan of our Radical friends. What does that mean? Look at Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and others of the Southern States, and see their deplorable condition: Mixed schools, negro officers, and the rampant rule of ignorance, venality and brutality. That is the Radical idea of equality before the law carried out to a legitimate conclusion. I was surprised to see in the platform on which General Harlan presents himself as a candidate for your suffrages, for the office of Governor, a plank demanding a tariff, increase of the land set apart by the State for the education of the colored children.

This cannot be done without increasing taxation upon the whites, from whose hard earnings the additional fund would have to be wrung, and to this I am opposed.

"EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW."

There is one thing connected with the Radical party of Kentucky and their colored adherents that appears decidedly anomalous. In their platform and speeches they gush over equality—all men are created equal, you know; there must be no exclusive privileges—and yet, when their conventions meet, and candidates are to be nominated, the negro is totally ignored. They have no offices for him; they even cannot find a corner in their executive committees to fitting him; he is hardly permitted the poor privilege of rising to his feet and expressing his sentiments in their conventions, as one colored brother Neal, of Louisville, can sorrowfully testify, who was hushed up by the chairman of the convention that nominated General Harlan, when he began to give expression to some plain but rebellious truths on this point. If the Radicals are in earnest in the sentiments of equality they are constantly breathing into the negro's ear. General Leslie, if elected Governor, must necessarily make some of his appointments from the colored race, which composed by far the largest portion of his supporters; and, in that event, we may look for a colored Secretary of State and a colored Adjutant-General. He must give these offices to them, or verify the suspicion that is growing among the most intelligent of them that the Radicals have no use for them save for voting purposes.

GENERAL AMNESTY.

I am in favor of general amnesty. I want to see all the passions and prejudices of the late conflict between the States extinguished. While the Radical party professes to favor the same thing, it is in reality opposed to a general amnesty. The cry of "traitor" and "treason," the manufacture of "Southern outrages," are necessary to the existence of that party. Keeping alive the passions and animosities of the war is the lifeblood in its veins. For ten long years have the Radicals had control of the General Government and the Congress, all the while professing themselves in favor of amnesty, and yet they passed no general amnesty bill. Many noble and pure spirits of the Middle and Southern States have passed away from earth "under the ban," and but the other day Kentucky's noble and gifted Breckinridge was gathered to his fathers with the stigma of "traitor" resting upon his honored name.

STATE FINANCES.

The Democrats came into power in 1857, when the public debt of the State exceeded four millions of dollars. One of their first acts was the reduction of taxation ten cents on the hundred dollars, and in the first three years and a half of their rule they reduced the public debt of the commonwealth fifty-nine per cent. Last October our debt was two hundred and sixteen thousand dollars. Since that time twenty-one thousand dollars of this has been retired, leaving the present indebtedness one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars. To meet this, we have two hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds on deposit in the Bank of America at New York. And we have other assets sufficient to pay off a debt five times as large. We are out of debt Kentucky under continued and unbroken Democratic rule for eight years, has paid off a debt of over four millions of dollars, and is to-day in a better condition financially than any other State in the Union, whether dominated by Democrats or Radicals. Every dollar collected in those eight years by the taxpayers of the State can be accounted for. Not a dollar of it has been squandered, stolen, embezzled, or lost. He then referred to Southern States where Radicals had as complete control and compared them with Kentucky. In those States, under Radical rule, Legislatures have been disbanded by Federal bayonets, the judicial emine from the shoulders of the ministers of justice by the mailed hand of power, the civil law trampled under foot by military satraps commanding negro militia, the bill of rights violated, the habeas corpus suspended, the independence of the press crushed and the freedom of speech stifled, and despotic rule held supreme sway. Carpet-baggers and political adventurers held high carnival and revelled in the spoils wrested from the people of the South. The right of suffrage was snatched from the whites and conferred upon the negroes. In 1865 Georgia was out of debt, but under "reconstruction" and Radical misrule, her public debt had reached, in 1871, fifty millions of dollars. North Carolina, in 1865, owed nine millions; in 1871 her debt was thirty-two millions. In 1865, Florida owed two hundred and twenty thousand; in 1871 her debt was fifteen millions. Alabama, in 1865, owed five millions; in 1871 her debt was thirty-eight millions. South Carolina has been under perpetual Radical rule ever since the close of the war, and if everything in the State were sold to-day, the proceeds would not be sufficient to liquidate her indebtedness. Therefore she was taken possession of by that party her property was worth five hundred millions of dollars; now it is valued at less than two hundred millions. She used to have to pay an annual tax of something over two hundred thousand dollars; now her annual tax-dollars goes up over two millions. Louisiana, once so powerful, wealthy, prosperous and happy, host of her orange groves, "the land of the cotton and the cane," with the mighty Mississippi, the "Father of Waters" lying her coast, and the Gulf of

Mexico affording it the richest commercial facilities, opening up to her the commerce of the world, her people forming the grandest, wealthiest and happiest of all the States, lies prostrate and bleeding at every pore, the victim of reconstruction, Radical misrule, and military outrage. In 1865, her public debt was eight millions of dollars, which has been swelled until it is now fifty-two millions. Her Governor, elected by the will of her people, has been prevented from exercising the functions of his office by Federal interference; an usurper fastened upon them instead; her Legislature, chosen by her people at a fair election, dispersed by Federal bayonets, the Democratic and Conservative members thereof arrested and their seats partitioned among their defeated opponents; and all this sanctioned and approved by the Republican Administration. And yet the Republican party asks you to take Kentucky from the control of the party which has preserved peace and nourished prosperity in her borders, extinguished her State debt, and placed it under the control of that party which has sanctioned and approved and organized and directed all the outrages and plundering that brought disaster and ruin upon her fair sisters of the South. Once all the South was under Radical rule. Now, thank God! all but three have broken the yoke of bondage, and those three will soon follow their fortunate sisters into the paths of freedom. Not alone in the South has the baleful influence and direful results of Radical domination been felt, but all over the Union, wherever that party has held sway, the same results have followed in its wake.

NATIONAL FINANCES.

The last year under Democratic rule the Government of the United States was run at a cost of fifty-six millions of dollars. The aggregate expenses under Democratic rule for twenty-five years was one hundred and seventy-two millions. Last year the Republican Congress appropriated three hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars for the expenses of one year alone. In six years, from 1865 to 1871, the Republicans collected in the way of internal revenue tax, one billion two hundred and fifty-two millions of dollars, which is ten times a greater sum than the Democrats collected in forty years. Last year the Republicans collected one hundred and six millions of internal revenue, and Kentucky had to pay five millions four hundred and fifty-six thousand of that, while the whole of the New England States together only paid five millions five hundred and seventy-five thousand. That is what makes times hard here. We pay all the taxes, and New England absorbs all the class legislation. While Kentucky only gets seven millions of currency apportioned to her, National Banks, Massachusetts is the recipient of fifty-nine millions. In order to carry on the war, the Government issued bonds, which were bought up principally by New England capitalists, and immediately exempted from taxation, while we of the South and West are required to pay taxes upon everything. They were first made payable in currency, but as the officers of Government, President, cabinet officers, members of Congress, and the Eastern capitalists who backed them, became the purchasers of nearly all the bonds a Republican Congress declared that they should be paid in gold; and thus the depreciative currency was cast to the farmers and laboring men as good enough money for them. They thus unlawfully, and to their own profit, saddled upon us a debt of at least five hundred millions of dollars. They passed a National Bank law by which the deposit of one hundred thousand dollars in U. S. bonds, drawing interest in gold, would secure ninety thousand dollars in currency, to be loaned to the people at exorbitant interest. New England scorned the lion's share of these banking privileges, of this currency, and now, when money is scarce with us, so scarce that we can hardly conduct the ordinary business of life, there is no lack of it at the East.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

And the Democratic party stand opposed to a high protective tariff. Under Republican rule more than two thousand articles of everyday use and wear have been taxed in this way. The taxes on these articles range from sixty to two hundred per cent., and it all comes out the consumer and laborers. They taxed incomes for awhile, but that operated against the rich men and the New England capitalists and the Radical leaders, and then it was repealed. This high protection favors and benefits eight States, while it is taxing the life-blood of the other twenty-nine States. The twenty-nine States are the servants of the other eight, and these are growing rich from the products of our labor. Our cotton, tobacco, etc., are shipped there for manufacture, and it is heavily taxed, while they are protected by this tariff, and allowed to monopolize and realize large profits thereby. Why do we not have protection in our corn, rye, etc.? We have none, but, instead, every bushel of grain manufactured into whisky, one of the principle industries of Kentucky, is taxed about three dollars and sixty cents, squandering public lands.

The Republican party have squandered and given away during their reign of power, two hundred and fourteen millions of acres of the public lands to railroad rights, monopolies, etc.; enough to have founded a vast empire; enough to have given a home of an hundred acres each to two millions of families; all given away, and the Government has realized but little benefit from it. The Republicans have begun to find out that this waste of the public domain is receding on them, and in convention after convention, and

pass resolutions to the effect that they are desirous of preserving and holding the public land, after they have squandered it all, save the barren soil and snow-capped peaks of Alaska.

OUR DEPRIVED COMMERCE.

Under Republican administrations our commerce has declined, our ship-yards are idle, and our tonnage in vessels has decreased largely, while that of Great Britain has doubled.

ARKANSAS AND LOUISIANA.

President Grant, in 1874, when Brooks and Baxter were at war over the gubernatorial chair of Arkansas, issued his proclamation declaring Baxter to be the legally elected Governor of the State. Ten months afterwards, when it suited his political purposes better to place Brooks in, he sent in a message to Congress to the effect that Brooks was the legal Governor of Arkansas. Such conduct as this creates suspicion and fear of despotism and anarchy in its worst form. The dramas enacted in Louisiana and Arkansas have never been equaled anywhere under the name and pretext of liberty and free Republican Government.

KENTUCKY'S ENVIALE POSITION.

Kentucky has much to be thankful for. Our taxes are low, our sons prosperous and our daughters are happy and beautiful; all under continued and unbroken Democratic rule. Fellow-citizens, do you want this state of affairs to continue? Then keep the Democratic party in power. Do you want to exchange this state of things for the condition of Louisiana, South Carolina or Arkansas? Then put the State into the hands of the Republicans. When the smoke of the battle shall have rolled away, I am confident that the old Democratic banner will float high and proudly above the field of victory, and that Kentucky will be the first to send the keynote of a universal return to Democratic rule ringing through her sister States.

THE NATURE OF THE CONTEST.

Fellow-citizens, the contest is not a personal one between General Harlan and myself, but a contest for principles. He represents and is the standard bearer of the party that will continue the high tariff class legislation; continue to squander the public lands; continue the evils under which the people groan, their local self-governments are destroyed, and liberty outraged and trampled under foot in its own sacred name. I represent the party which would correct all these evils; the party that will deal out speedily justice to law breakers; the party which requires honesty and fidelity in the transaction of public business from those it elevates to office; the party that will subordinate the military to the civil power; the party of strict economy in the conduct of the financial affairs of government; the party of equal rights to all and exclusive privileges to none. [Here he read the Democratic platform, and continued.] These are the principles of true republicanism—the crown jewels in the diadem of liberty—they have given vitality to and guided the steps of the Democratic party from 1800 until now. I am the standard-bearer of this party and the defender of its principles, and as such I ask your support at the polls.

[Owing to the great length of General Harlan's reply, and the subsequent reminders of both gentlemen, we are compelled to defer the publication of the remainder of our report until our next issue.]

## Photographs!

ELROD & MATTERN,  
OF J. C. ELROD'S GALLERY, LOUISVILLE,  
Have opened their Portable Gallery in  
Hartford.

For a few days. All who wish to obtain  
FINE PHOTOGRAPHS,  
or other pictures, should call immediately.  
n21f

KAHN & SON,

ROCKPORT, KY.

Are in receipt of a large and well-selected stock of standard and seasonal goods, such as  
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,  
GENTS' & YOUTHS' CLOTHING,  
HATS AND CAPS,  
BOOTS AND SHOES,  
DRESSING & SHEETINGS,  
BLEACHED & RU. DOMESTICS,  
and everything usually kept in well-regulated dry goods houses.

LOOK AT THEM!

Cattans from 7 to 9 cents; Bleached and Brown Cottons from 5 to 15 cents; and all other goods equally low.  
Call, examine and price our fabrics. No trouble to show goods. Remember the place.  
n23 4w KAHN & SON, Rockport, Ky.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN up as a stray by Wm. G. Bennett, living about a mile west of the Hartford and Owensboro road, seven miles from Hartford in Ohio county, on the 8th instant.  
ONE BAY FILLY,  
aged about 1 year, with both hind feet white, and about fourteen hands high; but having no brand or other mark, and which I have appraised at the value of forty dollars (\$40).  
Witness my hand this 15th day of May, 1875.  
BEN NEWTON, J.P.O.C.

Cancer and Sore Eyes Cured.

Those afflicted with Sore Eyes or Cancer would do well to call on

D. L. GREGORY.

Todd's Balm, Ky., who has been very successful in the treatment of these diseases. He can cure any cancer on the surface, if taken in time. He treats upon the system of "no cure no pay." Give him a trial. n27 em

NOTICE.

Wanted to borrow \$3,000 for two or three years, for which ten per cent. interest will be paid—payable semi-annually—not to be due if interest is not promptly paid, and will secure the lender by a mortgage on real estate and an additional security will give him to hold as collateral real estate ten notes worth at least \$5,000. Address "MONEY," care Herald office, Hartford, Ky.

## Railroad Time-Table.

Louisville, Paducah & Southwestern.  
The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville, daily except Sunday at 8:30 a. m. and arrives at

Home Branch at	1:55 p. m.
Rosine at	2:05 "
Elm Lick at	2:15 "
Beaver Dam at	2:30 "
Hamilton's at	2:40 "
McHenry's at	2:41 "
Rockport at	2:58 "
Arriving at Paducah at	3:38 "

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. and arrives at Rockport at

McHenry's at	8:15 a. m.
Hamilton's at	8:28 "
Beaver Dam at	8:40 "
Elm Lick at	8:55 "
Rosine at	9:05 "
Home Branch at	9:15 "
Arriving at Louisville at	9:45 p. m.

Hartford is connected with the railroad at Beaver Dam by stage line twice a day.

These trains connect with Elizabethtown at Junction, with Owensboro at Owensboro Junction, and with Evansville, Henderson and Nashville at Nortonville.

D. F. WHITCOMB, Superintendent.

Evansville, Owensboro & Nashville.

The Mail and Accommodation trains are run by the following time-table:

MAIL.	
Leaves	Arrives.
Owensboro at	6:00 a. m.
Sutherland's at	6:23 "
Crow's at	6:25 "
Lewis' at	6:45 "
Riley's at	7:00 "
Tichenor's at	7:10 "
Livermore D. at	7:20 "
Livermore at	7:25 "
Island at	7:37 "
Stroud's at	7:48 "
S. Carrollton at	8:08 "
L.P. & W. C. at	8:20 "
L.P. & W. C. at	8:25 "
Arrives at	8:40 p. m.

Trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

R. S. TRIPLETT, Gen'l Manager.

HARTFORD LODGE, No. 12, E. G. T.

Meets regularly every Thursday evening in Taylor's Hall. Transient members of the order are cordially invited to attend.  
B. P. BERRYMAN, W. C. T.  
WILLIAM LEWIS, W. Secy.

## FIRST

## New Goods

OF THE

SEASON.

WM. H. WILLIAMS,

HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

Receiving Daily,

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

IN

DRY GOODS,

Gents' and Boys' Clothing,

Hats, Caps,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Hardware, Queensware.

Staple and

FANCY GROCERIES,

Also dealer in

Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of country produce. My motto is "Quick sales and small profits." n21 fy

GREEN RIVER

WOOLEN MILLS

JAMES CATE,

Manufacturer of every description of Woollen Goods.

My mill has been enlarged and improved making the capacity three times greater than last season. We also have a full set of

Clote Dressing Machinery,

For Cassimeres, Tweeds, &c.

and are manufacturing a superior article of

JEANS, LINSEY,



# THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
IN THE TOWN OF  
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.  
—BY—  
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,  
AT THE PRICE OF  
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with  
neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have  
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage  
of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is  
prepaid at this office.  
Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year,  
invariably in advance.  
Should the paper be sent to a subscriber, from  
any cause, during the year, we will refund the  
money due on subscription, or furnish a sub-  
scriber with the unexpired term with any paper of  
the same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited;  
except those of saloon keepers and dealers in in-  
toxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our  
columns under any circumstances.  
All communications and contributions for pub-  
lication must be addressed to the Editor.  
Communications in regard to advertising and job  
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

**CIRCUIT COURT.**  
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.  
Hon. Jas. Hayscraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.  
A. L. Norton, Clerk, Hartford.  
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.  
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.  
Court begins on the second Mondays in May  
and November, and continues four weeks each  
term.

**COUNTY COURT.**  
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every  
month.

**QUARTERLY COURT.**  
Begins on the 2nd Mondays in January, April,  
July and October.

**COURT OF CLAIMS.**  
Begins on the first Mondays in October and  
January.

**OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Owensboro.  
G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.  
Thos. H. Russell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.  
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

**MAJESTY'S COURTS.**  
Caneby District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,  
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December  
18. E. F. Tilton, Justice, held March 15, June  
4, September 18, December 12.  
Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,  
Justice, held March 5, June 15, September 2,  
December 10. B. J. Wilson, Justice, held  
March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.  
Centerville District, No. 3.—W. F. Bender,  
Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30,  
December 15. T. S. Bennett, Justice, held  
March 15, June 28, September 13, December  
30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,  
Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11,  
December 27. S. Woodward, Justice, March 21,  
June 10, September 25, December 11.  
Fordsville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb,  
Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-  
ber 22. J. L. Burton, Justice, March 23, June  
7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March  
9, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas  
Miller, Justice, March 22, June 8, September  
23, December 9.  
Hartford District, No. 7.—Jas. P. Cooper,  
Justice, held March 15, June 25, September 14,  
December 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, March 23,  
June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin,  
Justice, held March 27, June 16, September 29, De-  
cember 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, March 17,  
June 26, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,  
Justice, held March 12, June 24, September 12, De-  
cember 28. Jas. M. Leach, Justice, March 26,  
June 12, September 24, December 14.  
Sulphur Spring District, No. 10.—R. G.  
Wedding, Justice, held March 19, June 5, September  
21, December 7. Jas. A. Bennett, Justice,  
March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.  
Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins,  
Justice, held March 10, June 22, September 10,  
December 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, March 23,  
June 9, September 24, December 10.

**POLICE COURTS.**  
Hartford—J. H. Luce, Judge, second Mon-  
days in January, April, July and October.  
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first  
Saturday in January, April, July and October.  
Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, first  
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.  
Caneby—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-  
urday in March, June, September and Decem-  
ber.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1875.

JNO. P. BARRETT, LOCAL EDITOR.

We are authorized to announce B. P.  
Berryman as candidate for Police Judge.  
Election Saturday, July 31, 1875.

We return thanks to Miss Mary Rowe  
for a beautiful bouquet presented to us  
last Thursday.

Miss Bettie Eldon, of Owensboro, Ky.,  
is visiting Misses Sallie and Jennie Tay-  
lor, of this place.

Miss Jennie Ekridge, of Hardinsburg,  
Ky., is spending a few days in town, stop-  
ping at Hon. H. D. Mellery's.

We note with pleasure the arrival of  
Miss Dora Ashby, of Hopkins county,  
who will sojourn here for a short time.

## Election Ordered.

Yesterday Judge Gregory ordered a  
special election for constable in District  
No. 9, to fill the vacancy occasioned by  
the death of Francis R. Black. The  
election will be held on the same day  
and at the same polls as the general  
election in August.

## A Called Meeting.

A called meeting of the Stockholders of  
the Ohio County Agricultural and Mechan-  
ical Association will be held at the court-  
house next Saturday, the 12th inst., at 1  
o'clock p. m. A full attendance is very  
earnestly solicited.

By order of the President.

S. K. Cox, Sec'y.

## For Future Reference.

YUCA DAM, JUNE 1, 1875.  
EDITOR HERALD:—I send you the fol-  
lowing statement for future reference.  
"Not that they loved Caesarless but Rome  
more."  
Morton, for Circuit Clerk.....1411.  
Melnyre, " " " ".....1250.  
Rock, for County Attorney.....0000.  
Respectfully, W. H. Rock.

The saddest sight we have seen in  
many a day, was a Baptist minister of  
the county, yesterday afternoon, stagger-  
ing about the streets drunk as any loafer.

## Masonic Celebration.

The Masonic fraternity are to have a  
grand celebration at Cromwell, in this  
county, on St. John's day, 24th of June,  
1875, for the benefit of the Widows' and  
Orphans' Home, at Louisville, Ky. Every  
Mason, and every benevolent and charita-  
ble person in the county, ought to attend  
and swell the receipts as large as possible.  
The Home has sustained a heavy loss re-  
cently, by a severe storm, damaging the  
building to the extent of \$30,000. The  
public will be assured of good fare when  
they learn that John Wile is to get up  
the edibles.

**Resolutions Adopted by Stony  
Point Grange, No. 1199.**  
At a meeting of Stony Point Grange,  
No. 1499, Ohio county, Ky., the following  
resolutions were presented by J. D. Byers,  
and adopted by the Grange:

Resolved, That we desire to lay down  
all the exciting political hotly-horses  
which have caused so much strife and  
division and distress in our country, by  
carrying corrupt men into office, and that  
we heartily endorse the sentiment taught  
in our organic law, that the Grange is  
not a political organization; but we be-  
lieve that the principles we teach under-  
lie all true politics, and if properly carried  
out will tend to purify the whole political  
atmosphere of our country, and fill our  
offices with sound, honest men, in place  
of corrupt partisans and demagogues.

Resolved, That we will not vote for any  
man for office who will not pledge him-  
self to do all in his power, consistent  
with reason and honesty, to lighten the  
burden of the farmer and protect his in-  
dustrial interests, to oppose bribery of  
every description, and the unreasonable  
high salaries of our officers, county, State  
and national.

Resolved, That we will not assist in  
any convention to nominate for office any  
man of known corrupt morals, but will  
work for a speedy reform in all depart-  
ments of government high or low, and  
we solicit the co-operation of all honest  
men in the great work.

Adopted May 13th, 1875.  
J. D. BYERS, Master.  
G. M. Rowe, Sec'y.

## FROM BUCKHORN.

Buckhorn, Ky., May 31.  
EDITOR HERALD:—Seeing a "Letter  
from Buckhorn" in your issue of May  
26, calls to my mind a little incident  
which occurred a few weeks since. I was  
on my way home from Hartford to Buck-  
horn, never having been there before. A  
few miles from Hartford, I overtook a  
gentleman on horseback. We chatted  
along from there to Buckhorn very social-  
ly.

He seemed to think that Buckhorn was  
the only place of importance in the  
county, and I should be inclined to think  
that it was he that wrote the letter from  
Buckhorn, if we had not met a stranger,  
who saluted me with a blunt "Good even-  
ing, and my companion with, "How are you,  
Sam?" The one that wrote the letter  
from Buckhorn signed his name "John."

When we arrived at Buckhorn, he pro-  
ceeded to show me all the places of im-  
portance. When he had told me where  
each family lived in Buckhorn, and what  
each one did for a living, I told him it  
was not much of a place after all. "This  
is all of it," said he, "there is a house  
just over the hill there, you haven't seen  
yet."

The two tobacco factories John speaks  
of were not carried on by any one then,  
and as that was not more than three  
weeks ago, I don't suppose much busi-  
ness is being done in them now. "John"  
says the crops look well for the season.  
What does he think of wheat and oats?  
"John" says that a bushybody is like a  
rich cheese—full of little things. I sup-  
pose that is the kind of cheese the popu-  
lar merchant keeps for sale.

Yours, W.

## OUR CANEYVILLE LETTER.

CANEYVILLE, Ky., June 7.  
Messrs. A. G. Rowe & Bro., of Spring  
Lick, have sold their store and goods to  
Messrs. Chick & Dent, of Leitchfield, who  
have established a branch store of their  
business at R. A. Bro's old stand. Messrs.  
C. & D. are men of means and business  
capacity, and we hope as such that they  
may meet with success.

**DR. APNETT.**  
Of Forks of Rough, will locate at this  
place ere long to practice his profession.  
We thank the Doctor for casting his lot  
among us, and while so doing promise  
for him a liberal patronage.

**THE COLORADO POTATO BUG.**  
Has made its annual appearance in this  
vicinity, and is doing great damage to the  
Irish potatoes.

**THE CUT WORM.**  
The young corn in this section is being  
destroyed to some extent by cut-worms—  
even so much that some farmers are com-  
pelled to plant whole fields anew.

**CORRECTION ABOUT THE JAIL.**  
In our letter last week, we stated that  
the contract for building our new jail was  
taken by a gentleman of Brandenburg, at  
\$8,702, and before some critic accuses  
us of lying, we will say the amount was

\$9,197, and that we erred \$455, but not  
intentionally.

**WON'T BE A CANDIDATE.**  
We regret to learn that Warren Purcell,  
of whom we spoke as a candidate for the  
Legislature, in a previous communication,  
will not be a candidate.

**THE NEW CONSTABLE.**  
Mr. J. C. Milligan, who was elected  
constable of this district, has entered on  
the duties of his office, and gives satisfac-  
tion in every instance.

**MAGISTRATE'S COURT.**  
Last Saturday was Esqr. Esbridge's  
court day at this place. Several cases  
were disposed of, and among the profes-  
sional gentlemen in town were W. R.  
Haynes, of the Grayson County Herald,  
G. W. Stone, J. M. McClure, Jr., and  
other lawyers of Leitchfield, also Mr. A.  
G. Rowe, of Spring Lick.

**COLLECTING THE TAXES.**  
Deputy Sheriff A. J. Layman was in  
town last Saturday, receiving taxes from  
all who were ready to pay, and impress-  
ing the importance of paying upon the  
minds of all who were not ready.

**REV. L. B. DAVIDSON**  
preached a very interesting sermon Fri-  
day night, from the text: "Cast away  
from you all your transgressions where-  
by ye have transgressed." The audience  
was small, but attentive. J. T. N.

Mrs. Vaught, our kind hostess, starts  
today to visit her relatives in Christian  
county. We hope her health will be  
improved when she returns.

For the Hartford Herald.  
"HARD TIMES."

In the closing paragraph of our last  
communication, we attempted to give  
some reason why we could not, by legis-  
lation, give our people a just, equitable  
and permanent rate for the use, hire, or  
forfeiture of that root of all evil, money,  
or its representative, the paper rags  
which we now use in its stead, for money  
proper has long since ceased to circulate  
as such, but is a commodity of commerce,  
and is bought and sold in all the United  
States marks just as cotton, wheat, and  
tobacco, except in some two or three of  
the Pacific States, and there they always  
have the "honanza" in the money mar-  
ket, for it is all coin and does not fluctu-  
ate, a dollar is a dollar, in fact.

Our legislation, it is true, has as a gen-  
eral rule been damaging and deleterious  
to both agriculture and commerce, and  
has been one of the many causes which  
brought on our present financial troubles,  
which has caused business to lag and  
wane from Maine to Texas; but, on the  
other hand, it is impossible to recover  
from a financial crisis by means of legis-  
lation. You may lay off and trim up the  
ragged edges, but so long as people give  
and take credit, and have the power to  
involve themselves in monetary liabilities  
beyond their means of liquidation, so  
long will financial panics be probable and  
always lurking in the back ground.

The true preventive is not to be found  
in legislation, but in the intelligence,  
integrity, honesty, economy, and financial  
skill of the people generally. We are  
not without hope, however, that even in  
this direction legislation may be indirect-  
ly productive within certain narrow lim-  
its of useful results. Law cannot create  
prudence where it does not exist, but it  
may, in some cases, call into action pru-  
dence which now lies dormant. Further-  
more, there should be a well-defined  
stringent legal limit to credit. The man  
who contracts debts beyond a reasonable  
estimate of his ability to meet them, com-  
mits an act of fraud for which he should  
be punished. The law should so regard it,  
and make the penalty severe and op-  
erative. Make a law to prevent imposi-  
tion and rascality, if possible means for  
the detection and punishment of fraud,  
and the industrious honest men who try  
to earn an honest living in a legitimate  
way will profit thereby. Rid our laws  
as much as possible of technicalities, and  
thereby you will render them less liable  
to the hundred and one constructions  
which the courts almost daily put on  
them, and then it will be that in most  
cases the guilty will be punished, and the  
innocent will have the protection thrown  
around them as was originally—by those  
who set our present system on foot—in-  
tended; but it has in modern times been  
so much tampered with by legislators, and  
so many and often conflicting construc-  
tions put on it by a judiciary who, we  
with shame confess, have not in a few in-  
stances been corrupted—at least there are  
grounds for believing such is the case—  
until our whole system of jurisprudence  
has become so mystified and complicated,  
and, in some instances, contradictory,  
discrepant, and such a mass of undecided  
"stuff" that the lawyers themselves know  
but little about it, and the most profound  
and learned disciples of Blackstone are  
disagreed as to one half the issues of  
common law, to say nothing of the Bab-  
bel of pettifoggery.

All of our laws should be so framed as  
to favor economy and dispatch in their  
execution, not keep one charged with an  
office incarcerated for years, and in  
painful suspense, and at the same time  
involving the State in untold thousands  
of debt, which we are heavily taxed to  
pay. It is our opinion that it would be  
well to revise and in many respects to  
change our entire judicial system. This  
class of legislation is all that will in any  
way help to relieve our present or avert  
future financial troubles, and this would  
necessarily be very slow, but we think  
would help some. As before intimated,  
we must not look to any political or  
other organizations for combinations or re-  
flect, but, on the other hand, each one  
of us must take it home to ourselves, first  
set our own home to "rights," and then

by patient industry and economy success  
is made doubly sure.

We have too many soft hands, and it  
I was not afraid I would wound the  
vanity of some young aspirants I would add,  
soft heads, too. Young America thinks  
he knows it all, and he has a great deal  
to learn before he is in a condition to  
learn anything, and whenever he can be  
brought to that point, there will be great  
hopes that he can be started off on the  
right foot. To do this, we should at once  
go to work to improve our Common  
School System, though the system is not  
so much at fault as those whose duty it  
is to execute it. As an instance, our  
Commissioner rests on his oars, lounges  
about Hartford, or pursues some other  
avocation, takes no interest in the schools,  
as little as possible—just enough to  
enable him to "fob" the salary—and that  
is all he cares for. The trustees are gen-  
erally inefficient, and a large majority of  
the teachers know as little about their  
profession, and the art of teaching, as the  
little early-headed urethras they engage to  
teach, and a great many of them care-  
less. This state of affairs should not be  
allowed to continue longer, but the stand-  
ard of teachers should be immediately  
raised, both in their aptness to teach and  
in their literary qualifications, and their  
moral character should be clearly ser-  
vitized.

**MRS. TILTON'S SIN.**  
Her Brother Makes a Startling State-  
ment of Her Delinquency.  
[N. Y. Special to the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]  
A brother-in-law of Joseph H. Richards,  
who testified in the Beecher trial adver-  
sely to his sister, Mrs. Tilton, makes a state-  
ment for publication in the Sun to-morrow.  
It is regarded in the light of coming di-  
rect from Richards himself. It is as fol-  
lows:

After little Paul's death, in 1858,  
Richards frequently met Beecher at  
Tilton's house. He became impressed,  
by the general manner of Beecher, that  
his visits were not purely pastoral. Final-  
ly, he went to the Union office and dis-  
closed his apprehensions to Tilton, but  
Tilton was not alarmed. Richards re-  
mained passive until Mrs. Tilton's  
alleged confession to her husband. This  
time he was incredulous, for he had only  
attributed to her breach of propriety with-  
out criminality. He, however, influenced  
his mother, Mrs. Morse, to question her.  
A few days afterward Mrs. Morse re-  
ported to him that Elizabeth had confessed  
adultery with Beecher. He waited, still  
believing, for further proof, or for his  
sister's denial. In the fall of 1870  
Elizabeth visited his home in Mont Clair,  
N. J. Then he told his wife to talk with  
Mrs. Tilton about the current stories, but  
Mrs. Richards' courage failed whenever  
she tried to broach the subject. When  
Mrs. Tilton went away, Mrs. Richards  
rode with her to the depot. On the way  
Mrs. Richards told her sister-in-law what  
she had heard from Theodore and Mrs.  
Morse, and implored her to tell the truth.  
Mrs. Tilton, bursting into tears, "contes-  
ted the crime she had committed with her  
pastor. She pleaded the excuse of Paul's  
death; of Beecher's tender sympathy in  
her affliction; of his great interest in her  
occupations; of his encouragement of her  
literary aspirations, and of the love she  
bore him. She argued that she had done  
but little in repayment by yielding her  
body to his request. "I love him," she  
cried, "and will die rather than harm  
shall come to him." Mrs. Richards,  
deeply moved, offered such consolation  
and advice as she, in her bewilderment,  
could, and tenderly bade her good-by at  
the depot. A day or two later Mrs.  
Richards received a letter from Mrs.  
Tilton, expressive of the writer's grief, and  
assuring the recipient that, though she  
had always loved her as a sister, now she  
worshipped her ten thousand times more  
for being noble enough to listen to the  
story of her sin, understand her position, and  
forgive her. This convinced Mr. Richards  
of his sister's guilt, and he conspired with  
her as to her future course. Their con-  
versation was unstrained, and her guilt  
often referred to. His advice was "Ac-  
knowledge your transgression and try to  
live it down." Yet he then felt that her  
love for Beecher would prevent such a  
course and, upon her refusal to obey him,  
he ceased his advice. He seldom saw  
her, and their chance meetings were un-  
pleasantly constrained. When he was  
summoned before the Plymouth commit-  
tee he went to Elizabeth and asked what  
he should do. She told him he must go;  
that his refusing would be her condemna-  
tion; but he must tell nothing. He did  
so, refusing to answer the questions put  
to him. On the stand in the trial he was  
glad only to be asked as to personal knowl-  
edge, and so his testimony was trifling.  
He only told of suddenly opening the  
parlor door and finding Beecher and  
Elizabeth in an equivocal position.

One day Mrs. Morse, in a fit of anger,  
let drop the secret in the presence of  
Florence Tilton, who went at once exci-  
tely to her mother and begged to know  
the truth. Mrs. Tilton then confessed the  
facts to her daughter.

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corn crib, a good young orchard of peach  
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# THE HERALD.



## AGRICULTURAL.

### Sweet Potato Culture.

#### SOIL AND PREPARATION.

Almost any soil will grow sweet potatoes. Some kinds do better on certain soils than others; but, on the whole, I find all kinds do best on rather dry soils containing a considerable amount of clay, and if enriched with manure, the yield will be greater in proportion. To have the soil in proper condition at planting time, it should have been plowed once or twice during the spring and rolled, and so prepared as to be free from clods as possible. I find it best to plant in ridges, which should be about three and a half feet from center to center, and about four feet high.

#### PLANTING.

The plants should be dropped but a short distance ahead of the planters, ten to fourteen inches apart, on freshly-made ridges. The planter should be provided with a bright, sharp mason's trowel, which he grasps in his right hand, straddles the ridge, picks up a plant with his left hand, pushes the trowel into the earth in a slanting direction, opens a hole by a drawing and lifting motion, opening a space about an inch wide, thrusts the plant in with the left hand, withdraws the trowel and presses the earth firmly to the plant with the right hand, putting his weight on the arm, without letting go the trowel, and while doing so picks up another plant with his left hand ready to repeat the operation.

I have found this the fastest and every way the best manner of proceeding. Great care must be observed to have the plants well firmed; the earth can not be pressed too close to the roots of any plant, while if not well firmed, and dry weather follows, the plant is almost sure to be lost.

#### AFTER-CULTIVATION.

The proper performance of this is of the greatest importance; without it, all previous care and expense will avail nothing. I have found it the best, and by far the cheapest, never to allow the weeds to get a start; as soon after every rain as the soil is fit to work, the ground should be stirred with some implement, be it rake, hoe, plow or harrow, so as to destroy the weeds as soon as they have germinated, when the least stirring and a half hour's sun will kill beyond resurrection. My ridges are made by a machine built for the purpose, hence all are alike, which enables me to cultivate both sides of the ridges at one operation with a steel harrow made to fit the ridges and drawn by two horses. The space at the bottom between the ridges is cleaned by one passage of the harrow, plow—thus there is only a narrow strip on the top of the ridges to be cleaned by hand labor. Two or three such workings are about all that can be accomplished, and are sufficient; by that time the plants will be growing so rapidly as to cover the ground in a short time and prevent all further growth of weeds. Whatever plan or instrument is used, it is of the greatest importance to never let the weeds get a start, as a man can do at least four times as much while they are under half an inch high as he can after they are over two.

#### DIGGING.

is a costly operation as performed by many persons. The best and most expeditious way I have yet tried is to take a large two or three horse plow; set it as much to land as possible; attach a rolling coulter, setting it to land about two inches; straddling ridge with your team and turn it over with the plow. The coulter will cut the vines completely if kept sharp, and the plow inverts the whole ridge. The potatoes remain hanging together on the vine, and the points sticking up, and by taking hold of one the whole hill can be pulled up. They should be broken off from the vines, sorted and laid in piles. The greatest care must be observed not to bruise the potatoes, as the bruises cause rotting soon after.—E. A. Rich, in Rural World.

#### Swine Management.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes: First, as to breeding sows. They should, as a general rule, be kept by themselves, and where they can have a good range. Sufficient exercise seems essential to their progeny. Matured sows have better and stronger pigs than gilts, and should be separated from young sows. And for this reason, a yearling past or a two-year-old sow can eat a great deal faster than the gilts. Therefore, if the two kind are kept together for breeding

purposes, the matured sow will become too fat to do well, and the gilt, or young sow, will lack the food so essential to her growth and perfect development.

Every farmer should have a hog-house for hogs. They should be put into it about the 1st of December, and taken out the last of March or 1st of April. The hog-house should be well ventilated, and have a tight roof by all means; for, without it and a good floor, it would be worse than no house at all, for the reason that they should sleep dry and be free from dust or wet. And, having a good floor to sleep on, they will not smother each other. In cold weather, for the purpose of warmth, they should be bedded with good wheat straw. But as often as, once in three or four weeks, the old bedding should be removed, scattered out on the field, or putting it on the manure pile. This use of wheat straw will make it pay largely for the cost of bedding. Fifteen or twenty stock hogs are enough to bed together. A hog-house may be twenty feet long and eight feet wide, and divided in the middle, adjoining the partition. Such a house will comfortably accommodate forty sows; and if their house be kept clean, they will naturally occupy both apartments.

#### Oil the Harness Now.

A good harness is costly, but if properly used and cared for will last a good many years. If neglected, it will soon need repairs, and in a short time become utterly worthless. In caring for a harness, one great point is to see that it is kept suitably oiled. A work harness in use on a farm should be oiled twice each year, in the spring and fall. It should be taken entirely apart, the places where sweat and dirt have collected cleaned with a chip, or an old case-knife, then wash clean in warm water in which a little castile soap has been dissolved. As they are washed the straps should be hung on a pole to dry. When the outside is nearly dry, but before the moisture is all out of the leather, the oil should be applied. This may be done with a clean paint brush, which is the best thing for the purpose, a sponge or a woolen cloth. A moderate quantity should be used; and, if it does not soften the leather enough, another light coat may be applied when the first one is well dried in. This is better than to put on a great deal at once. Care should be taken to obtain a good quality of oil. Poor oils are of little use, and sometimes are injurious. Neat's foot is the very best kind of oil for leather.

#### Growing Cucumbers for Pickles.

I find cucumbers a paying crop when grown for pickles, and sold either before or after salting—price per hundred the same in either case. I plow as deep as two horses can pull the plow, then mark one way four feet apart, letting the plow run as deep as the ground was plowed. I then put a shovel of good barnyard manure where each hill is wanted, say four feet apart, and then thoroughly mix with the soil, making the hills about two inches higher than the general surface of the ground. I plant about the middle of June.

As soon as the plants get large enough to be out of the way of the striped bug, I thin out to four plants to the hill. I cultivate them frequently, and hand-hoe them two or three times before the vines commence to run. In this vicinity the price ranges from 50 cents to \$1 per hundred, and the product of an acre sells from \$400 to \$800.—Cur. Country Gentleman.

#### About Sick Animals.

Nearly all sick animals become so by improper feeding, in the first place. Nine cases out of ten the digestion is wrong. Charcoal is the most efficient and rapid corrective. It will cure a majority of cases, if properly administered. An example of its use: The hired man came in with the intelligence that one of the finest cows was very sick, and a kind neighbor proposed the usual drugs and poisons. The owner being ill, and unable to examine the cow, concluded that the trouble came from overeating, and ordered a teaspoon of pulverized charcoal given in water. It was mixed, placed in a junk bottle, the head held upward, and water and charcoal poured downward. In five minutes improvement was visible, and in a few hours the animal was in the pasture quietly eating grass. Another instance of equal success occurred with a young heifer which had become badly bloated by eating green apples after a hard wind. The bloated was so severe that the sides were almost as hard as a barrel. The old remedy, salutaris, was tried for correcting the acidity. But the attempt to put it down always caused coughing, and it did little good. Half a teaspoon of fresh powdered charcoal was given. In six hours all appearance of bloating had gone, and the heifer was well.

#### Thinning Corn.

Prof. Roberts, of the Cornell University, made some experiments in growing corn upon the college farm last season, the results of which are valuable. He planted three plats of three-sixteenths of an acre each with corn, and thinned the hills in one lot to three stalks, another to four stalks to a hill; the third was not thinned. The first plat yielded at the rate of 160 bushels, the second 125 bushels, and the third 106 bushels (of ears) to the acre. Mr. Roberts states, as the result of many experiments prior to these, at the Iowa Agricultural College, that the heaviest crops of corn were made by growing three stalks to a hill, and that two stalks to a hill will produce more than five stalks. If every stalk produces an ear, and corn is planted three feet apart each way, there will be nearly 100 bushels of shelled grain per acre. To grow maximum crops of corn, then, it is only necessary to grow one ear upon a stalk, and ears of such a size that a hundred of them will make a bushel of grain. In view of this, it is strange that, with so prolific a grain as corn, a yield of 100 bushels to the acre should be considered as something almost impossible to be obtained.—Am. Agriculturist.

#### A Particular Hen.

Capt. Jacob W. Dobois has a hen of the golden pheasant breed which is very particular as to her place of laying. She always comes in the house and makes for a certain closet, where she arranges a nest, quietly deposits her egg, and goes off with a happy, contented little cackle. If she finds the doors and windows closed, she will walk around from one to the other until she attracts some one's attention and is admitted. When she comes in to the house she behaves in the most circumspect manner, like a well bred fowl, as she is, and never says anything to anybody, or gets in any one's way. The hen has a mate in a little rooster, who accompanies her about the premises, escorts her to the house, and quietly waits for her until she makes her exit, and then wanders off happy and proud in her companionship.—Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

VINEGAR PIE.—One teaspoon of molasses, one of sugar, half a cup of good vinegar. Thicken with flour, or an egg, and then bake it with two crusts. To remove old paint, cover with a wash of three parts quick lime, slacked in water, to which one part pearl-ash is added. Allow the coating to remain for sixteen hours, when the paint may be scraped off.

GERMAN TOAST.—To one egg, beaten well, add one cup sweet milk or cream; season with a little salt and pepper. Cut in slices stale bread, and put in the milk to moisten, and fry in butter on a griddle. This is an extra nice dish for breakfast.

LETTUCE SALAD.—Most housekeepers use vinegar, vinegar and sugar, or vinegar and meat gravy for lettuce, but sour cream from slopped milk and sugar, added to the lettuce after it is cut up fine, makes a most delicious and healthy salad.

SPONGE CAKE.—Six eggs, four cups flour, three cups sugar, one cup water, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar; flavor with lemon. Beat the eggs and sugar together until very light, then add soda dissolved in water, and the cream of tartar mixed thoroughly with the flour.

For table furnishing, glass is now more fashionable than silver, and plain white china is quite out of fashion. Minton ware—an English china—with surface in broad ornamented bands of chocolate brown, is much in vogue; but crockery in color—dark blue—all the majolica hues and designs, plates covered with leaves, birds, flowers, landscapes, beasts, and fishes—with cake, fruit and desert plates—all odd, unique devices seem to be the demand of to-day.

Bay rum is a useful, agreeable and inexpensive application to the scalp. Everybody should use it, so we will give a formula for making it as good as can be purchased anywhere, and at a small cost: Take oil of bay, ten fluid drams; oil of pimento, one fluid dram; aëtic ether, two fluid ounces; alcohol, three gallons; water, two and a half gallons. Mix, and in two weeks filter it carefully, when you will have a superior article of bay rum, better than can be purchased at an extravagant price, already prepared.

In furnishing windows, waste no money on paper shades. If there are no shutters get shades of dark, heavy Holland, or in oil, if there are shutters. White muslin on rollers are the best. To the cornice of the window may be added a lambrequin in color and material to match the mantle and brackets; it may be well to add that lambrequins should be lined, as the sun would otherwise soon fade the material. The addition of lace or gauze curtains is a matter of fancy. In a room of common use, they are often of more trouble than worth. Moreover, anything that keeps out the sun and light should not be patronized. It is a great mistake to keep a room in profound darkness for any reason.

The leaves of geranium are an excellent application for cuts, when the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the same kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

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Goods manufactured by the yard, or in exchange for wool.

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Dealers in house furnishing good, for general kitchen and table use. We keep constantly on hand, the celebrated

#### ARIZONA COOKING STOVE.

Seven sizes for either coal or wood. House-keepers are delighted with its superior cooking and baking. It has no equal anywhere. Call and see for yourself.

#### Cancer and Sore Eyes Cured.

Those afflicted with Sore Eyes or Cancer would do well to call on

#### D. L. GREGORY,

Todd's Point, Ky., who has been very successful in the treatment of these diseases. He can cure any cancer on the surface, if taken in time. He treats upon the system of "no cure no pay." Give him a trial. nol 7 em

#### NOTICE.

Wanted to borrow \$3,000 for two or three years, for which ten per cent. interest will be paid—payable semi-annually—note to be due if interest is not promptly paid, and will secure the lender by mortgage on real estate; and as an additional security will give him to hold as collateral real estate lien notes worth at least \$6,000. Address "MONEY," care Herald office, Hartford, Ky.



#### J. F. YAGER.

Sole and Livestock Dealer,

HARTFORD, KY.

I desire to inform the citizens of Hartford and vicinity that I am prepared to furnish Saddle and Harness Stock, Buggies and conveyances of all kinds on the most reasonable terms. Horses taken to feed or board by the day, week or month. A liberal share of patronage solicited. nol ly

#### FOR SALE.

A government land warrant for services rendered in the war of 1812, for 100 acres of land, at a

#### REASONABLE PRICE.

For further information apply to J. M. Rogers, Beaver Dam, Ky., or John P. Barrett, Hartford, Ky.

#### Plow Stocking

AND

#### GENERAL WOODWORK.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Ohio county, that they are now prepared to do all kinds of

#### WOODWORK

at their new shop in Hartford. They have secured the services of a competent workman to STOCK PLOWS,

and they guarantee satisfaction, both as to work and prices, in all cases. They will make

#### WAGONS AND BUGGIES,

and will make and furnish

#### COFFINS AND BURIAL CASES

at the lowest possible prices. Call and see us before engaging your work elsewhere.

#### PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

and satisfaction guaranteed. By close application to business we hope to merit the support of our friends. nol 16m

MATZKY & BURT, Jan. 20, 1875.

JAS. A. THOMAS, GEO. A. PLATT, nol 16m

#### JAS. A. THOMAS & CO.

HARTFORD, KY.

Dealers in staple and fancy

#### DRY GOODS,

Notions, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. A large assortment of these goods kept constantly on hand, and will be sold at the very lowest cash price. nol ly

1875 AGAIN! 1875

#### LOUISVILLE WEEKLY

#### COURIER-JOURNAL

Continues for the present year its liberal arrangement, whereby, on the 31st of December, 1875, it will distribute impartially among its subscribers

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in presents, comprising greenbacks and nearly one thousand useful and beautiful articles. The Courier-Journal is a long-established, live, wide-awake, progressive, newsy, bright and spicy paper.

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#### L. J. LYON.

Dealer in

#### Groceries and Confectioneries.

HARTFORD, KY.

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Groceries and Confectioneries, which he will sell low for cash, or in exchange for all kinds of

#### COUNTRY PRODUCE.

I will also pay the highest cash price for hides, sheepskins, eggs, butter, bacon, potatoes, beans, &c. nol ly

#### WM. GRAVES, WM. T. COX.

#### House Carpenters.

We respectfully announce to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county, that we are prepared to do House Carpentering, Furniture Repairing, and any kind of Wood-work, on short notice at reasonable terms. Shop in Manly's old stand.

JAMES CATE, nol 16m, Romney, McLean Co., Ky.

#### L. F. WOERNER,

#### BOOT & SHOEMAKER.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

#### REPRESENTATIVE AND CHAMP-

ION OF AMERICAN ART TASTE

PROSPECTUS FOR 1875—EIGHTH YEAR.

#### THE ALDINE

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

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#### A MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION WON-

DERFULLY CARRIED OUT.

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the productions of our great artists has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which have so invariably followed each attempt in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper appreciation of the want and an ability to meet it were shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.

The Aldine while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or fickle interests characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful literature, and a collection of pictures, the rarest collection of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of the Aldine will be most appreciated after it